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VOL. 1.

MAY.

NO. 2.

THE

# CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR

AND

## Literary Magazine.

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

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"Hanc Fidem, quam nunc habemus, omnes Fideles, qui nos præcesserunt,  
a priscis temporibus habuerunt." LANFRANC *contr.* BERENG.

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"This Faith, which we now hold, was held by all the faithful, who have  
preceded us, from the earliest times."

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EDITED BY THE

Very Reverend Felix Varela, D. D.

AND

Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D. D.

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THE  
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VOL. I.

MAY, 1841.

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SOIREES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER II.

"WHENCE comes, then, this interior sentiment which revolts against certain theories?" continued the Count. "They are founded upon arguments which I cannot overturn, and yet that consciousness of which we speak whispers to me :

'Quod cumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.'

"You speak Latin, Senator," jocularly said the Count, "although we are not living in a Latin country. It is very well in you to make excursions into foreign lands, but you should have added, according to the rules of politeness, *with the permission of the Chevalier.*"

"You are jesting, Count," he retorted ; "I would wish you to understand that I am not quite as little skilled in the Latin tongue as you might imagine. It is true, I passed the close of my youth in the camps where Cicero is seldom quoted ; but I began it in a country where education commences almost with the Latin language. I comprehend well the line I have cited, without, however, knowing to whom it belongs. For the rest, I do not pretend in this particular, nor in many others, to be equal to the Senator, whose deep and general knowledge I honour infinitely. He might with reason, and with a certain emphasis, exclaim :

—————Go, tell thy country  
That there is learning in the realms of Scythia !"

"But permit me, gentlemen, the youngest of the three, to bring you back to the path from which we have so strangely wandered. I know not how we have fallen from the ways of Providence into Latin !"

"We speak of the subject we are treating, my amiable friend," returned the Count. "Besides, conversation is not a book ; perhaps it is more valuable than a book, precisely because it permits a little wandering. But, to return to the



subject from which we have strayed, I will not, at present, examine how far we may trust to that inward sentiment, which the Senator styles with so much propriety, *intellectual consciousness*. Much less will I suffer myself to discuss the particular examples to which it applies. These details would lead us too far from our subject. I will merely state, that goodness of heart and habitual purity of intention may have secret influences and results which extend much farther than is commonly imagined. I am then, disposed to believe, that with men such as those I am now conversing with, the secret instinct which we were speaking of, will very often divine justly, even in the natural sciences; and I am led to believe it almost infallible, when there is question of rational philosophy, of morals, of metaphysics, and natural theology. It is infinitely worthy of the supreme wisdom which has created all things, and which rules all things, to have dispensed man from the necessity of science, in all that truly interests him. I have, therefore, reason to affirm that the question which now occupies us, being stated with exactitude, the interior determination of every well-formed mind must necessarily precede the discussion."

"The Senator seems to approve, as he makes no objection," said the Chevalier. "For myself, my maxim has ever been not to contest opinions that are useful. That there is a consciousness of mind as there is of heart—that an interior sentiment may conduct an upright man, and put him on his guard against error, in things even that may seem to require a preliminary preparation of study and reflection, is an opinion very worthy the divine wisdom, and very honorable to man. Never deny what is useful, and never support what is hurtful, is, in my mind, a sacred rule which should, above all, guide men whose profession excludes them, as mine does, from deep studies. Expect therefore, no objection on my part: still, without denying that sentiment has very much swayed me, I will pray the Count to be good enough to address himself likewise to my reason."

"I repeat it," rejoined the Count, "I have never understood this eternal argument against Providence, drawn from the misery of the just, and the prosperity of the wicked. Did the good man suffer *because* he is a good man, and the wicked prosper *because* he is wicked, the argument would be irrefragable. It falls to the ground, if it be supposed that good and evil are indifferently distributed to all men. But false opinions resemble false money, which is at first stamped by great wretches, and afterwards circulated by honest men, who perpetuate the crime without knowing what they do. It is impiety that first made a great noise about this objection; levity and simplicity have repeated it;—but in reality it is nothing. I return to my first comparison. A good man is killed in war. Is it unjust? No; it is a misfortune. If he has the gout or the gravel; if he is crushed by the fall of an edifice—it is still a misfortune; but nothing more, since all men without distinction, are subject to such accidents. Never lose sight of this great truth: that a *general law, if it is not unjust for all, is not for an individual*. You have not such or such a malady—but you are liable to have it: you have it, but you might have been free from it. He who has perished in a battle, might have escaped; he who has escaped might have perished. All have not been killed—but all were there to die. Hence no lon-



ger any injustice. A just law is not that which has its effect on all, but which is made for all; the effect on such and such an individual is a mere accident. To find any difficulty in this order of things, we must love difficulties:—unfortunately they are loved and cherished. The human heart, always revolting against the authority which restrains it, suggests tales to the mind which believes them. We accuse Providence, not to be obliged to accuse ourselves. We raise against him difficulties which we would blush to raise against a sovereign, or a simple administration, whose wisdom we esteem. Strange thing! it is more easy to be just towards men than God.”<sup>(1)</sup>

“It seems to me, gentlemen, that I would abuse your patience, were I to argue any longer to prove that the question is generally improperly stated, and that men *know not what they say*, when they complain that vice is fortunate and virtue unfortunate in this world; whilst, in making a supposition the most favourable to these murmurers, it is manifestly proved, that evils of all kinds are showered upon all the human race, as bullets in an army, without any regard to persons. But, if the good man does not suffer because he is a good man, and if the wicked does not prosper because he is wicked, the objection vanishes, and good sense is victorious.”

“I acknowledge,” replied the Chevalier, “that on the subject of the distribution of physical and exterior evils, there is evidently inattention or bad faith in the objection raised against Providence. But it seems to me that much stress may be placed on the impunity of crimes: there is the great scandal; and on this point I am peculiarly anxious to know your views.”

“It is not time to treat this question,” returned the Count. “You have yielded the cause somewhat too soon as far as the evils you call *exterior* are concerned, Chevalier; I have supposed all along as you have seen, that those evils are distributed equally among all mankind—I ought to allow myself fair play as I advance. But before proceeding further, let us take care, if you please, not to go out of our way. There are questions which border so closely on each other, that it is very easy to step from one to the other without perceiving it. From this for example: *Why does the just man suffer?* we insensibly fall into this: *Why does man suffer?* The latter is, however, quite different. It is that of the origin of the evil. Let us then begin by laying aside all equivocation. *Evil is in the world.* Alas! this is a truth that requires no proof: but when we add: *it is most justly here, and God cannot be the author of it*; this is another truth of which neither you nor I can doubt, and which I may save myself the trouble of proving—for I know whom I am speaking to.”

“I profess the same truth, with all my heart, and without any restriction,” responded the Senator.—“But this profession of faith, precisely on account of its latitude, requires an explanation. Saint Thomas has said with the original laconicism which distinguished him: “*God is the author of the evil which is a punishment, but not of that which is a crime.*”<sup>(2)</sup> Most certainly he is right in

(1.) Multos invenit æquos adversus homines; adversus Deos, neminem.—*Senec. Ep. xcv.*

(2.) Deus est auctor mali quod est pœna, non autem mali quod est culpa.—*Theol. p. 1. q. 49. Art. II.*

one sense ; but he must be properly understood. God is the author of the evil which is a *punishment* ; that is to say, of physical evil, or pain, as a sovereign is the author of the punishments inflicted by the laws. In a remote and indirect sense, it is certainly he who hangs and beheads—because all authority and legal execution emanate from him. But in the direct and immediate sense, it is the criminal, the assassin, &c., who are the real authors of the evil which falls upon them ; they build prisons, and erect gibbets and scaffolds. In all this, the sovereign acts like Juno in Homer, *of his full accord, but against his will* :

Ἐκὼν ἀέκοντι γέ θυμῷ.

It is the same with God—(not indeed meaning the comparison in its rigorous acceptation, which would be unbecoming)—He is not only in any sense, not the author of moral evil or *sin*, but we cannot understand how he can be the author of physical evil, which would not exist, if his reasonable creatures had not rendered it necessary by abusing their liberty. Plato has said, and nothing is more evident in itself, that *a good man cannot wish ill to any one*. But, as it never could be maintained that a good man ceases to be such, because he justly chastises his child, or because he kills an enemy on the field of battle, or because he sends a criminal to execution, let us beware, as you have just observed, Count, not to be less equitable towards God, than man. Every honest man is convinced by intuition, that evil cannot proceed from an all-powerful being. It was this infallible sentiment that taught the good sense of the Roman to unite, as by a necessary tie, the august titles. **BEST** and **GREATEST**. This magnificent expression, though the offspring of paganism, has been esteemed so just, that it has passed into the language of religion, so delicate and exclusive. I will acknowledge, by the way, that it has often occurred to me, that the ancient expression **IOVI OPTIMO MAXIMO** might be placed in full in front of your Latin temples, for what was **IOV**—I, but **IOV—AH** ?”

“You clearly see that I have no disposition to dispute with you on this point,” said the Count. “Without doubt, physical evil could not have entered into the world, except through the fault of free creatures : they would exist there only as a remedy or expiation, and consequently would not directly have God for their author. These are dogmas he will not contest. Now I return to you, Chevalier : you just now admitted that Providence was wrongfully blamed for the distribution of good and evil ; and scandal groundlessly taken on account of the impunity of the wicked. I doubt, however, whether you can remove the first objection without abandoning the second. For if there be no injustice in the distribution of evil, on what will you found the complaints of virtue ? The world being governed only by general laws, you will not, I believe, pretend that, if the foundations of the terrace on which we are speaking, were placed in the air by some subterraneous commotion, God would be obliged to suspend in our favour the laws of gravity, because this terrace supports three persons who have never stolen or been guilty of murder. We should surely fall and be crushed together. It would be the same, whether we had been members of



the lodge of the *illuminati* of Bavaria, or of the committee of public safety. Do you expect, when it hails, that the fields of the just will be spared. You expect a miracle then. But if by chance, this just man had committed a crime after gathering in his grain, must it, therefore, corrupt in his granaries? This would be another miracle. Insomuch, that every instant requiring a miracle, the miracle would become the ordinary state of the world : that is, there could then, exist no miracle—for the exception would be the rule, and disorder order. The very exposition of such notions is their refutation.

“That which very often deceives on this subject is, that we cannot help attributing to God, without perceiving it, the ideas which we entertain of the dignity and importance of persons. With regard to ourselves, those ideas are very just ; because we are all subject to the order established in society. But when we extend them throughout the general order, we resemble that Queen who said : *When there is question of condemning beings like us, depend on it God thinks of it more than once.* Elizabeth of France mounts the scaffold. Robespierre mounts it an instant after. The angel and the monster are subjected, on entering the world, to all the general laws that govern it. No language can characterize the crime of those wretches who spilled the purest and most august blood of the universe. Yet, with respect to the general order, there is no injustice in it. It is merely a misfortune attached to the condition of man, and nothing more. *Every man, in quality of man, is subject to all the evils of humanity.* The law is general ; it is not, therefore, unjust. To pretend that the dignity or dignities of a man should save him from the action of an iniquitous or mistaken tribunal, is precisely to suppose that they should exempt him from apoplexy, for example, or even from death.

“Observe, however, that, notwithstanding these general and necessary laws, I am very far from admitting that the pretended equality, on which I have thus far insisted, does really exist. I merely supposed it, as I before said, to allow myself *fair play* : but nothing is more false as you will soon see.

“Begin then, by never considering the individual : the general law, the visible law, and the law visibly just, is *that the greater mass of happiness, even temporal, is the portion not of the virtuous man, but of virtue.* Were it otherwise, there would be no vice, no virtue ; no merit, no demerit ; and consequently no moral order. Suppose that every virtuous act were *paid*, to use the term, by some temporal advantage, the act, having nothing supernatural, could not merit a recompense of that kind. Suppose on the other hand, that in virtue of the divine law, the hand of the robber should fall off the moment the robbery is committed, men would abstain from robbery, as they would abstain from placing their hands under the butcher’s hatchet ; moral order would entirely disappear. To reconcile, then, this order (the only order possible for intelligent beings and which has been proved by the fact) with the laws of justice, it is necessary that virtue should be rewarded, and vice punished even temporally, but not always, nor on the spot. It is necessary that incomparably the greatest portion of temporal happiness should be given to virtue, and a proportionate ratio of misery should devolve on vice : but that the individual is sure of nothing ; and this in effect, is what has been established. Imagine any

other hypothesis ; it will conduct you to the destruction of moral order, or to the creation of a new world.

"To come now to the details, let us begin, I pray you, by human justice. God having regulated that men are to be governed by men, at least exteriorly, has conferred on sovereigns the eminent prerogative of the punishment of crimes ; and it is in this, that they are most especially his representatives. I have found on this subject an admirable *morceau* in the laws of Menu. Permit me to read it from the third volume of the works of Sir William Jones, which is on my table."

"It will afford us pleasure, Count," said the Chevalier ; "but first have the goodness to tell me who this king Menu is, as I have never had the honor to be presented to his majesty."

"Menu, is the great legislator of the Indians, Chevalier," replied the Count. "Some say he is the child of the Sun ; others of Brahma, the first person of the Indian Trinity. (1) Between these two equally probable opinions, I remain suspended, without the hope of arriving at a decision. Unfortunately, too, it is impossible for me to inform you at what epoch one or the other of these two great Fathers engendered Menu. Sir William Jones, of learned memory, is of opinion that the code of this legislator might be anterior to the Pentateuch ; and is *certainly* anterior to all the legislators of Greece. (2) But, Mr. Pinkerton, who likewise has some claim to our confidence, has taken the liberty to ridicule the Brahmans, and undertaken to prove that Menu was an honest legislator of the thirteenth century. (3) It is not my custom to dispute about such trivial differences :—but I will read you, gentlemen, the passage in question, the date of which we will leave blank—be all attention.

"Brahma in the beginning of time, created for the use of kings the genius of punishment. He gave him a body of light—this genius is his son. He is justice itself, and protector of all created things. Through fear of this genius, all sensible beings, fixed or locomotive, are kept in the sphere of their natural enjoyments, and do not deviate from their duty. Let the king, then, when he shall have well and duly considered the place, time, his own strength, and the divine law, inflict just punishment on all who act unjustly. Chastisement is an active governor. It is the true administrator of public affairs ; it is the dispenser of laws, and wise men call it the security of the four orders of the state for the exact accomplishment of their duties. Chastisement governs all mankind. Chastisement preserves them ; chastisement watches them while human guards are sleeping. The wise consider chastisement as the perfection of justice. Let an indolent monarch cease to punish, and the stronger will destroy the weaker. The entire human race is kept in order by chastisement ; for innocence is not to be found ; and it is the fear of punishment that permits the universe to enjoy the happiness which is destined for it. All classes would be corrupt ; and, every barrier broken down ; there would be nothing but confu-

(1.) Maurices' History of Hindostan. London, 4to. tom. I. pp. 53, 54, and tom. II. p. 57.

(2.) Sir W. Jones' Works, p. . . . tom. III.

(3.) Geograph. tom. VI.



sion in the world, if punishment ceased to be inflicted, or is inflicted unjustly. But when punishment, with sable skin, and eyes inflamed, advances to destroy crime, the people are saved, if the judge have a just eye." (1)

"Admirable! magnificent!" exclaimed the Senator, "you are an excellent man to have disinterred this fragment of Indian philosophy. In truth, the date is unknown."

"It makes the same impression on me," added the Count. "I find in it European good sense with a just measure of oriental colouring which pleases every one when not overdone. I do not believe it possible to express more nobly or with greater energy that divine and terrible prerogative of governments; THE PUNISHMENT OF THE GUILTY.

"But, permit me—led on by these sad expressions—to fix your attention for a moment on an object, which, though revolting to the mind, is nevertheless worthy to be considered. From this terrible prerogative, results the necessary existence of a man destined to inflict on crime the punishments decreed by human justice. And this man, in effect, is found every where without the means of explaining how. For reason does not discover in the nature of man a motive capable of determining the choice of this profession. You are too much accustomed to reflect, not to have meditated at times on the executioner. Who is, then, this inexplicable being, who has preferred to all other professions—agreeable, lucrative, honest, and even honourable—which present themselves in crowds to the ability and dexterity of man,—that of tormenting and putting to death his fellow creatures? That head, that heart, are they not formed like ours? Do they contain any thing peculiar, and foreign from our nature? For my part, I cannot doubt it. He is made exteriorly as we are: he is born as we are;—but he is an extraordinary being—and that he should exist in the human family requires a special decree, a *FIAT* of the creative Power. He is created like a world. See what he is in the opinion of men, and understand if you are able, how he can be ignorant of, or how brave, their opinion. Scarcely has the authority designated his abode—scarcely has he taken possession of it, than the other habitations shrink from it, till none but his can be seen. It is in the midst of this solitude, and this species of void formed around him, that he dwells alone with his wife and little ones, who make him know the voice of man. Without them he would know but his groans . . . a mournful signal is given—an abject minister of justice knocks at his door, informing him that he is wanted. He starts, and reaches a public place covered with a dense and palpitating crowd. A poisoner, a parricide, a sacrilegious wretch, is thrown before him. He seizes him—stretches and ties him on an horizontal cross—and raises his arm. Then there is a horrible silence; naught is heard but the cracking of the bones under the bar, and the roaring of the victim. He removes the bar, and lays it on a wheel: the crushed members cling to the spokes. The head hangs—the hair is dishevelled—and the mouth open like a furnace, sends forth at intervals but a few words of blood, calling upon death. His task is done. His heart beats—but it is with joy—he applauds himself, and says in his mind:

(1.) Sir William Jones' Works, tom. III. pp. 223, 224.

*No one can do it better.*—He descends—he holds out his hand stained with blood, and Justice throws him a few pieces of gold, which he carries off followed by the double hatred of men, dispersed by horror. He sits down at table—he eats—he goes to bed—he sleeps. The next day, on rising, he thinks of any thing but what he did the preceding day. Is he a man? Yes; God receives him in his temple, and permits him to pray. He is not a criminal—yet no tongue would consent to say he is *virtuous, honest, estimable, &c.* No moral eulogy becomes him—for that supposes some relation with his fellows;—he has none.

“And yet all greatness, all power, all subordination depend on the executioner: he is the horror and the bond of association, of the human race. Take from the world this incomprehensible agent, and in an instant order will yield to chaos. Thrones crumble—society is dissolved. God, who is the author of power, is, likewise of chastisement: he has fixed our globe on these two poles. Jehovah is the master of the poles, and on them he causes the world to move. (1)

“There is, therefore, in the temporal circle, a visible and divine law, for the punishment of crime: and this law, as stable as society which it causes to subsist, has been executed invariably from the beginning of things. Evil being on the earth, it acts constantly: and, by a necessary consequence it must be constantly repressed by punishment: and, in effect, we see on the surface of the globe a constant action of all governments to arrest or punish the attempts of crime—the sword of justice has no scabbard;—it must always be ready to threaten or strike. What do men mean, then, when they complain of the *impunity of crime*? For whom is the gallows, or the *knout*, or the *rack*. For criminals evidently.—The errors of tribunals form exceptions which do not affect the rule. I have many other reflections to offer on this subject. In the first place, these fatal errors are much less frequent than is imagined. Opinion, inasmuch as it is permitted to doubt, being always opposed to authority, the public ear drinks in with avidity the slightest whispers which suppose a judiciary murder. A thousand individual passions blend themselves with this general inclination. But I appeal to your long experience, Senator, if it is not an excessively rare thing for the tribunal to commit homicide through passion or error?

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## THE FIRESIDE STORY.

It was near the close of day, and the sky was obscured by large black clouds, which coming from the North, were propelled towards the city by a strong wind, the violence of which was continually increasing, and the clouds uniting into one mass, although the velocity of their motion was not diminish-

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(1.) Domini enim sunt cardines terræ et posuit super eos orbem. *Cant. Ann.* 1 Kings, 2. 13.



ed, threatened to burst, on the passage, and inundate the flourishing town of Chester, from which my friend and myself were travelling.

Large drops of rain had already begun to fall, and were succeeded by several claps of thunder, which made but a low rumbling noise, on account of their distance. A public house was near. We entered. Those assembled at the fireside conversed together in a low tone of voice, but paused from time to time, to cast fearful looks upon the large windows, against which the rain beat with violence, and which being often illuminated by lightning, caused the pictures on the walls to appear and vanish with the same rapidity. From time to time loud claps of thunder were heard, which appeared to shake the building, and caused the glasses to break in the frames in which they were fastened.

"What a dreadful time," said a young gentleman, who gave sure signs of fear.

"I wish one of you would relate a story to draw away our attention from these loud claps of thunder which terrify me so much," said an aged man, who was holding his hoary head between his hands to prevent his hearing the thunder.

Just then, a pale, emaciated looking individual, related the subjoined

#### THRILLING INCIDENT.

"We had a little boy that was advancing towards his fourth year. He was our only son; he had nothing of the boisterous happiness of childhood about him; but seemed to live in a tranquil enjoyment of the delights that nature had scattered at his feet; and he grew in the breeze and the sunshine, a creature of pure and gentle elements. He had few affections but they were unusually strong. Two beings he loved with an intense passion; his mother and a kind and single-hearted man, who delighted to have my little boy by his side when he weeded his garden, who culled for him the brightest rosebuds, and who would hold him for hours in his arms, to look upon the swallows as they dipped their rapid wings into the clear and silent stream as they flowed by my cottage. If ever human beings were entirely happy, it was the honest man and my poor child, as they wandered about from the rising to the setting of the sun, exchanging those most innocent thoughts, which the rough touch of worldly feelings will in a moment destroy—but which rests upon the untainted soul, like bloom upon the ripening fruit.

"The boy gradually sickened; there was languor in his eyes which told of growing disease; there was a torpor in his movements which spoke of feebleness and pain. The spring came, but he did not float upon its gales like the butterfly. While the crocus leaped out of the earth to proclaim the approaching hours of renovation, the work of decay was begun, in the sapling whose blossoms and fruits shone so richly in my day dreams. I saw him once more enjoy the sunshine—but it was in his nurse's arms.

"The crisis quickly approached. I sat by his bed for two days and nights, regardless of anything in the world but my sick boy. The wrestlings with death of a firm mind and a mature body must be fearful; but who can gaze

without shuddering upon the agonies of infancy? Who can see the burning fever pass over the trembling lips of childhood, like the hurricane sweeping the lily, without shrinking from the sight of this contest between weakness and power? I looked out for a moment from the chamber of suffering, upon the face of the bright and tranquil world; when I turned again to my boy, the hand of love was closing his eyes.

"I now knew, for the first time, what it is to have death about our hearths. The excitement of hope and fear in a moment passes away; and the contest between feeling and reason begins with its alternation of passion and listlessness. It is some time before the image of death gets possession of the mind. We sleep, perchance, amidst a feverish dream of gloomy and indistinct remembrances; the object of our grief, it may be, has seemed to us present, in health and animation; we wake in a struggle between the shadowy and the real world; and we require an effort of the intellect, to believe that the earthly part of the being we have loved, is no more than a clod of the valley.

"I followed my boy to the grave. I looked down into the deep, deep, resting place they had prepared for my child. At that moment a gleam of sunshine suddenly burst upon the scene. I thought of the dim morning of death, and the 'day spring' of immortality; and I turned for comfort unto Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.'"

H. J. B.

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The following simple, but touching lines, on the death of a pious lady, are from the pen of a gentleman who has recently published a volume of Poems, which deserve to be ranked high among the productions of the day. We welcome his muse to our pages—and have reason to indulge the hope that we will be regularly favoured with her sweet effusions.

## WHERE IS FANNY?

WHERE is Fanny? At the board  
Now vacant is her wonted seat;  
And at the lonely evening hearth,  
Her gentle smile no more we meet!

We call—and memory alone  
The music of her voice supplies;  
And darkness rests upon the hearts  
Whose light was borrowed from her eyes!

Then where is she? In churchyard drear—  
Amid forgotten slumberers—  
With no companion but the worm—  
Now lies the form that once was hers!

But she's not there! Beyond the stars  
That fret with gold yon fields of blue,  
Where myriads worship at God's throne,  
Her glorious spirit worships too!

C. J. C.



## DID THE ANCIENT JEWS INVOKE THE SAINTS?

To this question it may be answered, that they were, indeed, accustomed to invoke the angels; but not the holy men who had departed out of this life. The former proposition is proved from many passages of Scripture. First, from Genesis, chap. 48, verses 15 and 16: where the patriarch Jacob first invokes God, and then his angel guardian, imploring their blessing upon the sons of Joseph—viz: Ephraim and Manasses, *may God, in whose presence my fathers Abraham and Isaac have walked—God, who hath fed me from my childhood to the present day: may the angels who delivered me from all evils, bless these children!*

Secondly, from Job, chap. 5, verse 1, *call out, therefore, if there is any to answer; turn to some one of the saints.* By the word *saints*, he understood *angels*, according to the interpretation of St. Augustine in his annotations on Job, and Bellarmin in his book on the saints, chap. 10. A similar mode of speaking occurs in the fifteenth chapter, verse 15. *Behold among the saints, (that is angels) there is no one unchangeable.* The meaning of the passage, then, is: recur to some angel who may defend thy cause with God. And Job did this, as will appear from the following testimony.

Thirdly, from the 19th chapter of the same book, verse 21. *Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; &c.* Where Job invoked his friends—that is the *angels*—as the above authors prove; and is gathered from the 23d chapter, verses 23 and 24th: *If there will be an angel speaking for him, one of the thousand, to announce the justice of a man, he will have pity on him, &c.* The sense of which is: if one of the angels whom Job invoked would intercede for him, God would have mercy on him on account of that intercession.

But it may be asked, why it was lawful for the Jews to invoke the angels, and not the just men? The reason is very manifest. For, the angels were in heaven enjoying the visible presence of the Deity, whereas the just who had gone forth from this life, were detained in limbo—a place of rest, but not of glory; a place described by St. Peter in his epistle, chap. 3d, verse 19th, as a prison—from which they were only to be emancipated at the death of the Redeemer. Their condition, therefore, in the old law, was infinitely different from that in the new. They are now in heaven—clearly see the divine essence—and in it (as in a mirror) behold all our necessities, and are acquainted with our invocations. Whence the beautiful exclamation of Saint Gregory in his book of dialogues, (lib. 4. chap. 33 :) *Quid est, quod ibi nesciant, ubi scientem omnia sciunt!* *What is it that they there can be ignorant of, where they know him, who knows all things.* The Catholic Church, on these grounds, sanctions and encourages the invocation of saints. And, as a convincing refutation of the objections of our adversaries, we add the following plain syllogism: that is good and useful which has been practised by the primitive fathers, and by the universal Church, during all ages: but the invocation of saints has been practised by the primitive fathers and the universal Church,

during all ages : *Ergo*. The first proposition cannot be disputed. The second is evident from the ancient monuments which have come down to our times, and whose authenticity is indisputable. Therefore, every reasonable objection against the dogma of praying to the saints falls to the ground, and the Catholic Church is fully vindicated from the charge of superstition, and idolatry, on this subject.

## MONTH OF MAY—SPIRITUAL FLOWERS.

Sweet are the vernal flowers  
 In their first bloom appearing :  
 Offspring of sunshine and of showers  
 Tints of the rainbow wearing :  
 They smile—as in creation's early morning  
 The sacred groves of paradise adorning.

MSS.

Gather wild flowers from the lea,  
 And those that in sweet gardens blow :  
 Leaves of the shrub and spicy tree—  
 And weave them on the Virgin's brow.  
 This is the month, to deck her shrine ;  
 Go, maidens, go, your May-wreaths twine.

ANON.

This is the beautiful season, when the green drapery of nature is again spreading itself among the bowers, and the bland and gentle zephyrs sport over the gurgling rills, and fragrant meadows.

*Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis.*

The birds are awake, after the torpid sleep of winter—and their little throats are swelling with the wild notes with which they hail the rising, and salute the setting, sun. Go forth, young maidens, and pluck the beauteous flowers which gem the fields—wreath a chaplet of the sweetest and fairest, for the brow of your queen—not a queen of an earthly empire—but of heaven ! This is the month of May !—fill her altars with the new-blown blossoms of spring and the first fresh leaves of the bowers : let her oratories ring with anthems of joy—like those of the feathered minstrels—hail her, as your advocate, and your hope—*Eia ergo advocata nostra !* Go, wander through the mystic gardens of the Church, and gather there the lovely flowers of piety, charity, prayer and zeal—spiritual flowers which never fade—unlike the brief and delicate roses

“which wither as they blow,”

*they* will retain all their bloom and fragrance for ever !

Nothing can be more poetical and endearing than the devotion of the month of May. It consecrates to the service of God the young hearts of thousands—and all their vernal aspirations : treasuring up for the winter of old age the first fruits of their tender lives, and securing the favour and grace of the



Divine Son, through the medium and intercession of the immaculate mother. *Tota pulchra es*—thou art all fair, O my beloved, and there is no spot in thee.

They whose good fortune it has been to find themselves in the balmy clime of Italy, and particularly at Rome, during this season, have witnessed the pious enthusiasm with which all classes, and especially the young, celebrate the month of May. During the day, at stated hours, the shrines of the Virgin are surrounded with devotees, reciting the rosary and other prayers in her honour. But it is at sunset especially—that calm and dewy hour—when the noise of the capital has, in a great measure, died away, and a delicious and dreamy twilight hangs over the Pincian mountain, it is then, that numerous groups of happy devotees may be seen moving in procession to the Churches, and crowding around the *capelle della madonna*—while innumerable tapers mingle in the blaze of light, and aromatic flowers send forth their fragrance—and the voices of singing men and singing women respond in full and harmonious chorus to the sweet strains of the litany of Loretto sung with music in the choir. *Sanc-ta Maria* breaks in a delightful cadence on the raptured ear, and *ora pro nobis* swells in a peal of thunder under the echoing dome.

The writer of this article happened to be in the eternal city during the month of May: and every evening, he heard in the splendid Church of the *Gesu*, a new litany composed by some distinguished master of music, and performed most exquisitely: after which the benediction of the blessed Sacrament was given by some dignitary of the Church, who threw up his golden censor to an altar of *lapis Lazuli*, and a remonstrance glittering with precious stones, which shone amid the waxen lights, like the brighter stars among the dimmer. But the devotion—oh! it was a goodly sight to witness the sincere, the tender, the filial devotion to the mother of God, which glowed on the cheek, and warmed the hearts, of innumerable persons!

Will the cold philosophy of Protestantism condemn this beautiful and poetical devotion? Will it tell us, that to pay such veneration to Mary is to derogate from the honor due to the Son of God? This has been discovered but in recent years. For, the annals of the ancient Church abound with similar practices, and the eloquence of the holy Fathers has proclaimed the propriety and usefulness of them. They have given the example—have invoked her patronage—and have extolled her power. Not to say any thing here of St. Bernard who was the professed and eloquent devotee of Mary, listen to St. Augustine, the pillar and ornament of the Church, in the fourth century—hear with what fervour and force he addresses his prayer to her, in his 18th sermon *de Sanctis*: “O blessed Mother! what tongue can express the thanks and praises which we owe thee for having, by thy singular assent, come to the assistance of the lost world! what gratitude can the frail race of man return thee, through whom they have found admittance again to the divine favour! Receive, therefore, whatever small, whatever inadequate praises I can bestow, and while thou receivest our vows, by thy prayers obtain pardon for our errors. Receive our prayers within the sanctuary of thy favour, and impart to us the antidote against falling from our reconciliation. . . . Receive what we offer—grant what we ask—dispel our fears—for thou art the only hope of sinners. Through thee we look

for pardon for our sins, and in thee, O most blessed Mother, is the expectation of reward. Holy Mary, assist the wretched, strengthen the pusillanimous, comfort those who weep, pray for the people, interpose for the Clergy, intercede for the devout female sex : let all experience thy assistance who celebrate thy holy conception." Thus far the immortal Bishop of Hippo, whom all denominations, even to this day, unite in admitting as one of the most learned and venerable fathers of the ancient Church. Let us imitate him at all times, in his ardent devotion to the Mother of God, but particularly in the month of spiritual flowers.

## THE SYNAGOGUE AND THE CHURCH.

HAVING been invited, with two distinguished friends, one a Colonel, the other an ex-Senator, to spend a few days at a country seat on the banks of the magnificent Hudson, we devoted our evenings to literary and theological disquisitions. Among other subjects, we accidentally fell upon one which is not very familiar to the generality of readers, but which is of great importance in its bearings on the Christian religion. Having seated ourselves on a spacious balcony which commands a distant view of the waters, and which is shaded by the remains of an ancient forest, which have been spared amidst the widespread destruction, committed under the pretext of erecting towns in every desert, the following conversation ensued :

"It has often struck me, my dear sir, that we are rather careless of those important investigations which should interest all learned men," said the Colonel : "and among other neglected topics, that concerning the characters of the ancient Jewish Synagogue, is peculiarly remarkable. If, then, it would not be asking too great a favour, I should propose to you and our mutual friend, the ex-Senator, to discuss this question on this beautiful evening."

"The Colonel's proposition meets my entire approbation," observed the ex-Senator, "and most cheerfully will I hear our reverend friend ; and, in the first place, I would ask whether the Synagogue was always *VISIBLE*?"

"Having made this subject a long and separate study," I replied, "it will not be deemed arrogance in me to accede to your wishes, gentlemen, and communicate to you the result of my reading on this question. In the Synagogue, as in a Republic, three things are to be considered. 1. The collection of men in it. 2. The external government. 3. The internal affection by which the members are united to their superior, as their head. The two former are *visible*. The third is *invisible*. For, with our eyes we see the members and the head, the external polity and government ; but we cannot see the internal affection which each one has, or ought to have. In the Synagogue, there was a *visible* collection of Jews—there were, likewise, sacrifices, sacraments, external ecclesiastical government, purifications, oblations, and similar Mosaic ceremonies."

"There is a strong resemblance between the Synagogue and the Christian Church," remarked the Colonel—"It is easy to perceive the mother and child."



"I would rather say, in the *Catholic Church*," observed the ex-Senator, emphatically.

"The Catholic and Christian Church is the same," rejoined the Colonel—"and, during sixteen hundred years, the distinction now made was unheard of. That this is the belief of all who preserve any veneration for antiquity, is certain, as they claim the glorious epithet."

"You are both right, gentlemen," said I, "only understand each other, and the question is settled. This *logomachia* has been a fatal bane to both. *Define*, insisted a renowned writer, and I would also strongly insist on this principle. As to the resemblance between the Synagogue and the Church, on the subject of *visibility*, it must be discovered by any careful observer. Christians constitute a visible body—the government of the Church is *visible*. Her prelates teach, exhort, govern, judge, punish, administer the sacraments. They are all bound together by internal faith and charity. Thus, with as much propriety, do we say the Synagogue was, and the Church is, visible, as we say our glorious Republic is visible to the whole world."

"And *she* is visible

'As far as winds can blow, or billows foam,'

and her flag has fluttered in the gales which sweep over the extreme ends of the world," exclaimed the Colonel, with emotion. "But ages before the foundation of this Union, or the discovery of this Continent, the Church was established in every known region of the earth—visible as a city built on the top of a mountain: and here her altars are erected, and the clean oblation is offered."

"I do not think there can be much cavilling on this first character, gentlemen," I added—

"————— On the hill sublime  
The city destined to survive all time  
Was founded, visible to every eye,  
Towering through ages to its kindred sky."

But there is another, and a much more difficult point, extremely worthy of our investigation. It is whether the Synagogue *ever erred in faith*."

"A truly important topic this," remarked the ex-Senator. "For if it ever did, I am sure, in that respect, it would have been but a poor prototype of an *infallible Church*."

"And yet, if I am not mistaken, the Lutherans and Calvinists maintain that it did fall into error; is it not true, sir?" asked the Colonel.

"They do maintain this point," I replied. "And in order to substantiate their opinion, they adduce four different epochs when, they say, the synagogue erred. First, in the time of Moses, when Aaron and the people adored the golden calf. (Exod. 32. 4.) Secondly, in the time of Elias, when that prophet alone remained faithful, as he himself complains. (3 Kings, 19, 14.) Thirdly, in the time of Isaias and Jeremiah, when Israel did not know God. (Is. 1. 3: Jer. 2. 13.) Fourthly, in the time of the passion of Christ, when the whole synagogue expired with all its ceremonies."

Now, it is not true that the Synagogue erred in the time of Moses; but only

a part of it. For Moses, the Levites, and the Priests, remained faithful, as appears from Exodus (32, 25, 26,) where it is stated the sons of Levi were true to their God. And the sons of Levi numbered twenty-two thousand. (Num. 3. 39.)

The second assertion, that in the time of Elias and Jeremiah it erred, requires a distinction. For two different kingdoms appertained to the Synagogue: one of Judah, and the other of Israel, which consisted of ten tribes. The latter fell from the true faith from the beginning, under king Jeroboam, and began publicly to adore idols; and in this state they continued until the captivity. (3 Kings, 12. 19, and 4 Kings, 17. 22. 23.) Nor did they *all* fall into idolatry.—For Elias tells us, that when he imagined he was the only true adorer of God, he received an answer from God, assuring him that there were *seven thousand* men in Israel who had not bent their knees to Baal.

In the kingdom of Judah, it was different. For some of its kings were good, and the adorers of the true God; and others wicked and idolatrous. But in the temple of Solomon, the use of sacrifices always continued until the Babylonish captivity, as we learn from the second book of Macchabees (1, 19:) where it is related that the priests of that time hid the fire taken from the altar in a valley, where there was a deep and dry well. That is to say, the fire sent down from heaven, which the priests used in the daily sacrifices—and that fire was preserved in the temple until the Jews were carried away into Persia. (Lev. 9. 24.)

It is true that the Synagogue expired in the time of Christ—not indeed by swerving from the true faith which it had always held, but because then it was repudiated with its ceremonies and sacrifices; and in its place was substituted the Church of Jesus Christ. There are five things to be considered in the Synagogue. 1. The Mosaical law. 2. The prophecy concerning Christ. 3. The priesthood and legal sacrifices. 4. The supreme judiciary power which resided in the High Priest and the council. 5. The infallible assistance of God annexed to that power. When and how they all expired, if it be not encroaching too much upon your patience, I will explain.”

“Speak not of encroaching on *my* patience, my friend,” said the Colonel. “Inured to the camp, I could bear much that is not agreeable, but when discussing a subject so highly interesting, my patience is not taxed—but much gratification is bestowed. What think you, Senator?”

“Whatever is instructive is delightful,” he replied, “this, at least is my philosophy, and I am glad to see that it is so consonant with yours, my gallant friend.”

“You give me, therefore, a *carte blanche*,” I remarked, “and I will immediately proceed to the developement of these heads.

“The Mosaical law, with regard to its obligation, was abrogated at the death of Christ, as St. Thomas teaches, (1, 2. quest. 103. etc.) For then it lost its power of obligating: for then *the vail of the temple was rent asunder*, and then Christ declared; *consummatum est*—all is consummated. Whence it follows, that before that event, the Mosaic and Evangelic laws were both in vigour: after it, only the evangelical law.

“The prophecies concerning Christ were manifold. Some respecting his coming into this world; others respecting his doctrine and miracles; others



respecting his death and resurrection, of course they all expired when those events were fulfilled which they foretold.

"The legal sacrifices were abrogated by the death of Christ. And this particularly with regard to the bloody sacrifices in which animals were offered. For they were the figures or shadows of the bloody sacrifice by which Christ was to be immolated on the altar of the Cross. At the approach of this sacrifice, it was necessary for the others to expire; as at the approach of the light, darkness disappears. The supreme judiciary power, with the divine assistance attached to it, does not seem to have entirely expired at the same moment; but successively and, as it were, by parts. For, it is certain that CHRIST possessed greater judiciary power, and a more plentiful assistance of God, than the high priest in the Old Testament, according to the text of St. Matthew: *all power is given unto me in heaven and on earth.* (Chap. 28. v. 18.)

"The divine assistance was gradually withdrawn; as can easily be proved in those councils which were celebrated after the nativity of Christ, by the pontiff and priests."

"Councils celebrated!" exclaimed the Colonel. "One would think you were forgetting your dates, my friend. Did the Synagogue convene councils after the birth of Jesus Christ? and for what purpose? I confess that my researches have been directed into subjects so different from the present, that I am quite ignorant of the question. The ex-Senator, I have no doubt, is more fortunate than myself in this particular."

"My reading has extended somewhat into the Synagogue," he returned, "but not so far but that I can be much instructed, as well as yourself, Colonel, by our learned friend."

"You do me great honour, gentlemen," I repeated, "and without attempting to express the sentiments which your politeness awakens in my heart, I will proceed to show what councils were celebrated by the Synagogue at the period in question.

"There were principally three. The first in the time of Herod, when the Magi came to Jerusalem. The second, at the time Lazarus was raised to life, to enquire what was to be done with Christ, who was working such miracles. The third at the time of the captivity of Christ, when he was sentenced to death by Caiphas. In the first, the divine assistance continued whole—in the second, it was diminished—in the third, altogether withdrawn. The decision of the first, which specified the place where Christ was to be born, according to the prophets, was *infallible*. In *Bethlehem of Juda*, &c. &c. (Matt. 2. 4.) The High Priest Caiphas, in the second, declared that Christ should be put to death, to prevent the whole nation from perishing. (See John chap. 11, v. 47, 48, 49, 50, 51.) In one respect, he erred; in the other, he did not: for, he spoke partly from hatred, in a human manner, and partly from the inspiration of God. He erred when he adjudged the innocent one to be guilty of death—but not when he predicted that Christ was to die for the salvation of the people.

"When in the third, *the Priests sought false witnesses against him*, (Matt. 26. v. 59;) and when sentence of death was pronounced against him: *He is guilty of death*—the assistance of God was entirely withdrawn from them; and they were inspired by the Father of lies—(John 8. v. 44.)"

"It is not difficult, then, to remark the resemblance between the Synagogue and the Church," said the ex-Senator. "Nor should it shock the feelings of *Christians* to see the latter laying claim to the prerogative which existed in the former."

"Especially," added the Colonel, "as all acknowledge that the Synagogue was the figure of the Church, and the figure should not be more perfect than the thing figured."

"In many points," I resumed, "was the Church represented by the Synagogue. As the Synagogue was established by Moses, so was the Church by Christ—the one the servant, the other the Son, of God. (Heb. 3. 5, 6.) As Moses was the first visible head of the Synagogue, so was Jesus Christ the first visible head of the Church. (Ephes. 5. 23.) As the Synagogue, after the death of Moses, was always governed by a visible head, viz. the Pontiff, so likewise, was the Church after the death of Christ. (John 21. 17.) As the Synagogue had sacraments, sacrifices, and other ceremonies, so also, has the Church. As the Synagogue was visible in its external government, so likewise is the Church.

"And, besides, gentlemen, Moses was the figure of Christ—the analogy is remarkable under many points of view. Both were born in a foreign land: Moses in Egypt, Christ in Bethlehem. Moses was placed in a basket, Christ in a manger. Pharaoh persecuted Moses and the infants of the Hebrews in Egypt. Herod persecuted Christ and other infants in Bethlehem. Moses led the people forth from the land of bondage, Christ from the slavery of the Devil. Moses led them through the Red Sea, Christ leads his through baptism. Moses was the mediator of the Old Testament, Christ of the New. Moses gave the ancient, Christ the new, law. Moses fasted forty days, so likewise, did Christ. Moses instituted seventy elders, Christ seventy disciples. Moses sent twelve spies into Egypt, Christ twelve apostles into the whole world. Moses wrought miracles with his wand, Christ many more with the wood of his cross."

"The details of this analogy are singularly striking, indeed," observed the ex-Senator, "and though I had often perceived the general resemblance, never did it present itself to my mind as completely as at present."

"I am extremely indebted to our kind friend, for the view he has given of this interesting picture," added the Colonel. "I should now like to hear in what manner the Church may be considered more perfect than the Synagogue."

"This can be done without much difficulty," I returned. "For the Synagogue was the handmaid, the Church is the spouse. (Gal. 4. 31.) The former was to be rejected; (Gal. 4. 30;) the latter never. (Is. 54. 4.) The Synagogue had prophets and Priests, through whom God spoke; the Church speaks through the incarnate word, Jesus Christ. (Heb. 1. 2.) The Synagogue was confined to Palestine—the Church is CATHOLIC, spread over the entire world, (Mark 16. 15.—Rom 10. 18.) Thus it is evident that while the Synagogue was a faithful prototype of the Church, it was far less perfect. WE are living in the light—the full meridian light—which arose from on high; the Jews were *under a cloud*, and only tending towards the accomplishment of the great things prefigured by the ancient law. If, therefore, the Synagogue was ever VISIBLE and INFALLIBLE, it follows, *a fortiore*, that the Church must be so likewise.



"Much more might be added, on this subject, gentlemen—but the striking of the village-clock admonishes me that it is midnight. The white sails of the vessels droop, as it were, asleep, in the calm of the moonlight, and the bluffs of the hills covered with rays, hang beautifully, though precipitously, over the gentle waters. It is time to say : *good night.*"

C. C. P.

## SORROW AND SUPPLICATION.

THOUGH dark and deep offences flow,  
Be the repentant grief sincere,  
Pure as the falling fleece of snow  
Shall the accepted soul appear.  
Thine is a pitying parent's care,  
God of forgiveness, hear our prayer.

If pierced by many an early woe  
The breaking heart its peace resign,  
On Heaven that breaking heart bestow,  
And be its healing mercies thine.  
To thee our sorrowing thoughts we raise,  
God of compassion, hear our praise.

From the bright Heaven's transcendent throne,  
Behold the Lord of life descend,  
Making the sentenced earth his own,  
The blessing of his love extend.  
Saviour and God, from thee we claim  
The christian's never dying flame.

The mind which rests its hopes on high,  
Though dark as night, as winter cold,  
Adoring Heaven's protecting eye,  
Shall to its glorious light unfold.  
The breath of worlds, the soul Divine,  
Creative Deity are thine.

H. J. B.

## ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA—A SONNET.

A wounded knight on Pampelona's walls—  
Where raged the siege—upon his couch he lies,  
Struck by the invisible hand of Grace, and falls  
A victim to the Power who rules man's destinies.  
Manreza's shrine beholds his prostrate frame  
Bent in repentance : and the sword he grasped  
Hangs o'er the Virgin's altar, where the flame  
Caught from the Cross of HIM who on it gasped,  
Intensely burning in his heart sublime,  
Spread through the earth a fire unquenched by time :  
"Glory to God, salvation to the world,"  
Are banners by his "Company" unfurled !  
Confessors, martyrs, missionaries—given  
To adorn the earth with blessings brought from Heaven !

M. E. M.

## THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE SCRIPTURES.

THE reformers of the XVIth century, different from the Donatists of the Vth, and from the former enemies of the Catholic Church, have charged her with the awful crime of opposing the Scriptures; and consequently they have alarmed and prejudiced the ignorant against us, so much, that actually many believe we hold the Scriptures in detestation; it being the light which makes visible our error, and open revolt against the will of God, expressed in the Bible. It is, therefore, a point of great importance to examine the causes of this new kind of attack, and to show that it has originated either from ignorance or malice.

In former ages there was no such facility to disseminate the Scriptures or any other book, as the art of printing was not invented: but there was also no such facility of corrupting them, so as to introduce an error. The meaning of the Scriptures was known to the people not so much by reading (for there were not books enough for all, and the majority could not read,) as by preaching, so that we may say that the former christians were taught and guided by tradition, which preserved the doctrine or the true meaning of the Scriptures, although these were perused by the majority, who only heard them read or explained in the Church. True copies were carefully kept in order to detect any alteration; for heretics always try to corrupt the Scriptures, as we learn from the primitive fathers. Consequently, it never occurred to the enemies of the Catholic Church, or at least they never thought it expedient, to charge her with the crime of corrupting the Scriptures, because the people would then have decided according to tradition, and would have requested that suspicious copies should be compared with the genuine ones kept by the Church, and they would have expected to learn from her the correctness or incorrectness of the new copies. After the invention of the art of printing, it was easy to disseminate corrupted Bibles; and the people, flattered by the reformers, with the idea of judging for themselves, after reading the Scriptures which the innovators protested to be according to the most correct and ancient copies, admitted gradually and easily the corrupted texts, which led them to embrace erroneous doctrines.

The advantage may be perceived, of this new plan of attacking the Catholic Church—invoking the Scriptures and the Church itself that kept them, so that the reformers always pretended to restore to the Church its primitive splendour by purifying it, so as to agree with the Scriptures. Human pride consummated the work of malice, by inducing the people to suspect that the tradition they had from their Pastors was not according to the Scriptures, merely because it was not according to the corrupted copies they perused: and the pleasure of being constituted judges of their pastors, and of deciding in matters of religion, deluded them so much, as not to perceive the most revolting errors. This was but a natural consequence of so absurd a proceeding—to hold for true Scriptures those which were against the tradition of the Church; that is, against the rule always made use of, to decide the true ones, and what



is still more remarkable, for so acting they relied on the authority of a few who assured them, that the printed copies of the Scriptures were very correct, but without giving any other proof of their assertion than the title page, in which it was stated that the translation was faithfully made from the Hebrew and the Greek. The people judged without any rule, and their religious pride thus flattered, put no end to innovations, considering each one of them as a blessing from heaven, or the holy inspiration, which God in his mercy granted to those who love the Scriptures.

The innovators calculated upon the almost impossibility of the original text being consulted and their frauds detected ; and having already gained the good will of the people whose passions they had indulged, they began to attack the Catholic Church, by charging her with the crime of teaching doctrines against the Scriptures ; and they apply to the people to judge for themselves, by comparing our tenets with the corrupted Bibles which were spread as genuine. Our enemies knew very well that many would find out their corruptions of the holy Scriptures, by comparing their translations with the original ; but they also knew too well, that the number would be totally insignificant in comparison to the multitude that would read and admit the new translations as very correct. They also knew that those who would undertake to undeceive the people would be considered as *papists* and traitors to the cause of the Lord, and consequently they would be despised. Under these circumstances, the Church was obliged to take into consideration the subject of the perusal of the Holy Scriptures by the generality of people, without distinction.

Contrary to the practice hitherto observed, the Church established some rules for the reading of the Scriptures, and did not grant it but under some conditions. Which were these conditions ? The answer to this question will prove the calumny by which the Church is accused of opposing the Scriptures. The Church only required the true dispositions to read the Scriptures with profit, that is, a good mind and a good heart ; and whoever possessed these qualifications was welcome to the perusal of the Scriptures. The Church, however, has a right to ascertain whether such qualifications are found in an individual, for fear that every one through pride would consider himself qualified ; and hence the prohibition of reading the Scriptures without permission—a permission that very seldom or never was denied, because the very step of asking for it, showed a degree of good sense and humility that proves at once the good disposition of the individual. The Church took into consideration that although it was necessary to spread proper translations of the Scriptures to counterbalance the corrupted ones, this would not avoid the evil, for there would have been disputes upon the different translations, without any rule to decide by, but the caprice of every individual. In such a case, it was prudent to suspend for awhile the reading of the Scriptures, unless the text be approved, and the reader qualified to understand it ; and for this purpose the Bible was not given without comment.

Protestants then raised their voice against the Catholic Church, as if her conduct was different from that observed by themselves, and misrepresented her as tyrannical. But if we consider their proceedings, we will perceive that they

acted in the same manner, and therefore they should either give up their unjust accusation, or pronounce themselves equally blameable.

Indeed, the reformers would not suffer that the Scriptures should be interpreted according to the Catholic doctrine; and in order to prevent it, they constantly preached and wrote innumerable works of every description. Thus they supplied the comments, and we may properly say, that the difference (on this point) between the Catholic Bible and those spread by the reformers was, that ours was accompanied by a written commentary, and the Protestant by a *moral one*. We must also notice, that Protestants began then to establish *their tradition* and to have it for their guide, because the explanation of the text was rejected unless it was against the tenets of the Catholic Church, and the authority of Protestant theologians, besides the reformers, began to be considered as an argument in favour of the explanation, and as a touch-stone of Protestant doctrine. It is commonly believed that tradition has no influence whatever in the Protestant doctrine, that is to say, in their interpretation of the Scriptures; but this is only true in regard to an individual, but not in regard to any Protestant sect. A Protestant may interpret the Scriptures according to the dictates of his own intellect, or the heavenly inspirations that he thinks he has received; but should his interpretation be contrary to the doctrine of the sect he belongs to, he ceases for the very fact to be a member of it, unless we choose to call a member of a Church an individual who opposes its doctrine. Therefore a particular sect as *such* must retain the same interpretation of the Scriptures, and if it does not, it ceases to be the same sect. And such is always the case: for there is not a single Protestant sect, that has not altered its doctrine, and consequently its nature, becoming by so doing another sect altogether. However, as long as any sect remains the same, it must retain the same interpretation of the Scriptures, and this cannot be ascertained but by comparing its doctrine at different periods, which nothing but *tradition*, which consequently becomes a rule or a touch-stone of the sect.

What is then the conduct of every Protestant church, in regard to such of their members who interpret the Scriptures in a sense contrary to their tenets? They do not consider any longer such innovators as members of the sect they oppose. So does the Catholic Church. They try by every means to suppress the Catholic Bibles, which they say are corrupted. So does the Catholic Church, and for the very reason, in regard to Protestant Bibles; and the same care is taken in regard to Protestant interpretations.

But the reader will say, here are two parties claiming each the Holy Scriptures as their own property, and contending for its purity, and consequently blaming each other for having altered it. Who shall decide? We most willingly submit the question to any judge whatever—let it be decided by the authority of the very Scriptures themselves, by History, and by the dictates of common sense and good reasoning, and we are sure that the decision will be in our favour, and the Catholic Bible will be pronounced as the true and genuine one.

If we appeal to the Scriptures, from them we will come to the conviction of the protection granted to the Church by the Holy Spirit, or the infallibility of



the same, which cannot be consistent with the corruptions of the Scriptures. But as this word, infallibility of the Church, displeases so much the Protestants, let us take them on their own ground, and speak only of the infallibility of the Scriptures, which certainly will avail very little, if they could have been altered in a material manner, and thus received and believed by the whole Christian world for so many centuries. We say that it would avail very little, because an infallible guide unless it is infallibly known and followed, can never be the source of peace and tranquillity of mind, and can give solidity to no Church whatever. Consequently, it is evident that the will of God could not be, that such material alterations should take place in the Scriptures without being found out in so many centuries, and therefore it is also evident that the Scriptures were not altered. But the Catholic Church was the only possessor of the Scripture for sixteen hundred years before the Reformation, and consequently she possessed an uncorrupted Bible.

If we consult history, we shall find that the Catholic Church never before was accused even by almost inveterate enemies of corrupting the Bible. Now, the enemies of the Church have also copies of the Scriptures; they compare them, and carefully try to find out any attempt made against them by Catholics, and therefore their silence is an evident proof that no corruption ever took place in the Scriptures before the Reformation.

Consulting human reason, every sensible man will perceive the impossibility of altering the Scriptures in the large, and I may call it, immense society of Christians, without contradiction and even without exciting attention. Indeed, this is the powerful argument used against infidels in favour of Christianity, wherever they pretend to attack the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures: and Protestants do not perceive that by pretending to make the world believe, that they think the Catholics corrupted the Scriptures, they have made an attack against Christianity, shameful indeed, but very easily resisted and nullified by the powerful reasoning above expressed, and which we do not extend any farther, because it is a common topic by all Christian controvertists against infidelity. They must, therefore, confess that the Catholic Church never corrupted the Scriptures.

But now as to themselves—what do we find at the very commencement of the Reformation? That the leaders of the sects themselves openly accused each other—and proved it too—that they wilfully corrupted the Bible. The accusation was not mutually denied, but they only passed mutual compliments of abuse. Luther himself at the head of the innovators, when accused of having added many words to the Scriptures, which altered their meaning, and especially the text of St. Paul to the Romans, where the apostle says that we are saved by Faith, he added “ALONE,” what did he answer? That he did so, and it should be so. After the time of the Reformation, have not Protestants accused each other of corrupting the Bible? Even at the present time cannot we buy in the city of New-York, at the office of the Bible Society, five Bibles different, and in many places contrary to each other? This, however, was the subject of a pamphlet we published several years ago, and which will be republished in our next with several additions. The conclusion is, that Protestants

are convinced by themselves of having corrupted the Bible, and therefore they are not the proper organs through which the people should receive the Holy Scriptures with sure confidence. Any judge on this case would thus reason. Catholics had never been accused of altering the Bible till the Reformation, and the new accusers did not prove their charge; on the contrary, Catholics prove the impossibility of such charge being well grounded. Protestants are convinced by themselves of being corrupters, and therefore Catholics need not prove their accusation. Hence the Catholics are the faithful keepers of the Bible and the Protestants its corrupters. As to the reading of the Scriptures we should like the question to be examined coolly, and without prejudice. The Catholic Church, as above mentioned, established some rules to be observed in allowing the people to read the Scriptures. But to conclude from this that her intention was to withdraw the Scriptures from the people, or to prevent her errors from being detected, it is against all the rules of good reason, and a mere malicious supposition. And we will prove it by the following reflections.

Had it been the intention of the Church to withdraw the Scriptures from the people she would not have allowed the reading of them on any condition, and much less, under the conditions she has established; that is to say, that the reader should be a person of good sense and piety, or at least should show some good intention. But it is evident that the man of good sense and piety (even according to Protestant principles,) would sooner discover the errors of a doctrine by comparing it with the Scriptures, than any stupid fellow;—and, therefore, it is also evident that the Church never intended to conceal her supposed errors, but to avoid the errors into which ignorance may be led by malice and artfulness of others. Will it not be ridiculous to give every chance to powerful enemies, and to be cautious only against feeble ones? Had the Church the intention only to deceive the people, it would be her interest to conceal her errors from those who could lead the multitude; that is, from the enlightened and pious part of the Christian world; to whom, however, the reading of the Scripture was never denied.

At present, when the translations of the Scriptures, in vulgar tongues, are revised by the Church, and sufficiently spread, and moreover the faithful are warned against the corruptions made in Protestant Bibles, and the artfulness by which they may be led astray, the Church does not enforce former regulations unless in certain particular cases (in which Protestants themselves would enforce them) and the Catholic Bibles are sold to every body indiscriminately, although with the precaution of attaching some notes explanatory of the text. Protestants object to this practice of giving the Bible with comments, but why? is it not fair to explain our meaning or the text so that the reader will understand the doctrine of the Church, and then embrace or reject it as he may choose to be a Catholic or not? Is it not fair to answer the arguments that infidelity can bring against Christianity by the apparent contradiction of some texts which perhaps is perceived by an ignorant man, who, being unable to explain it, becomes an infidel. Finally, have not the Protestants themselves Bibles with comments? If such Bibles are intended for the people at large, then they spread the Bible with comments, and they have nothing to say against us, but that



they do not like our comments; and if such Bibles are only intended for certain classes, there is a distinction made by Protestants, which they cannot conciliate with their own principles. For, either is against the supposed clearness of the Bible in all its parts, or against the principle that the Bible should be given without comment, and every man should be left to judge for himself.

One observation we consider of great importance on this subject in order to justify the Church; that is, that every text brought by Protestants against us, has been found exactly correct in our Bible, except in those cases where they themselves confess to have altered the Bible, as Luther did when he added the word "*alone*" to the text of St. Paul to the Romans. Had, therefore, the Church any malicious intention on this subject, she would certainly have altered those texts—on the contrary, the principle corruptions in the Protestant Bibles are found in those texts that Catholics bring against them; and this is an evident sign that they are the persons who wish to conceal their errors. Even in this concealment they have not been very fortunate; for, as we will show in our next, the Protestant Bibles disagree on those very texts, thus showing that some entered into the conspiracy of alterations, and some did not. We, therefore, conclude, that authority, as well as reason, loudly pronounces against Protestants, and declares that Catholics possess the TRUE BIBLE.

F. V.

## LETTERS TO ADA.—FROM HER BROTHER-IN-LAW.

### SECOND SERIES.

"C'est la tout ce que nous demandons d'eux : nous ne leur disons point : croyez—mais examinez."

*Essai sur L'Indifférence.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND, &C. &C.

### LETTER II.—THE POPE.

THE Pope antichrist! and Florentine earnestly believes he is! and nothing can persuade her to the contrary! And why? Because her minister applies to him the character described by St. Paul, in the second epistle to the Thessalonians, ch. 2. v. 4: "He opposeth and is lifted up above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself as if he were God." These words would, indeed, be applicable to the Pope, if he did claim to himself any of the attributes of the Deity. If he did really require the worship of his idolatrous subjects—or if he even deemed himself more than man, not obnoxious to human frailties, or unable to commit sin.

Instead of this, Ada, the Pope acknowledges himself a sinner, "in thought, word, and deed;" this he humbly avows at the foot of the altar,—whenever he commences the mass—to God, to the Saints, and the whole world. He is bound by the common law of confessing his sins to a Priest: and he can no more dispense himself from that obligation, than the lowest peasant of Campagna. He places all his hope in the merits and passion of Christ, through whom he looks

for the reward promised to the good and faithful. He feels that the higher his station, the more awful his responsibility; and the neglect of his duties will be visited most "powerfully" on his soul in the world to come. In a word, he is convinced, that he may be condemned hereafter, while his meanest subject may be crowned in heaven. Does this look like raising himself above all that is God?" does this *convince* Florentine that he is marked with the character of antichrist!

The sensible Catholic views the Pope as the chief Bishop of the Church, endowed with a merely spiritual jurisdiction, which cannot interfere with the laws and privileges of any country. He would be bound to oppose any encroachment which might be meditated on the rights of government. He is guided by the golden maxim: "He who is not faithful to his country cannot be true to his God." He acknowledges no power whatever in the Pope to absolve from the oath of allegiance, or annul the obligation of citizen to citizen, whether Catholic or heterodox.

He does not believe, as an article of faith, that the *Pope is infallible*, in his official capacity: he is *obliged* to believe that, in his private character, he is perfectly fallible, and prone to evil, like all the other children of Adam.

This is our doctrine, Ada, on this subject, which is every day so deliberately misrepresented, notwithstanding all our protestations and solemn declarations. As members of the Catholic Church, we are his spiritual children, we submit to his spiritual authority, we venerate his spiritual character. As Americans, we know no head but the chief magistrate of the United States, we are opposed to the Pope's exercising temporal power out of his own dominions; we arraign his conduct, as we would every other Sovereign's, before the tribunal of justice and candour. As a ruler, if he act and govern as a father of his people, we applaud him: if he degenerate into any thing that may savour of tyranny, we condemn him. Judge, now, whether a good and enlightened Catholic, layman or ecclesiastic, could be so depraved in principle, and so recreant to his birth-right, and so reckless of the glorious liberties of his country, as to join a foreign conspiracy, to league himself with despotism and intrigue, to subvert them all, and to rear upon their fragments the iron throne of oppression! And what epithet should be applied to the man, who dares to implicate so many thousands of freemen in so foul and dastardly a conjuration!

"—————*Quæ tantu insania, cives.*"

What phrenzy, citizens, has seized  
 Upon the mind of "Brutus?" tell  
 Ye who can tell, how may it be appeased!  
 Tell who can drive back to its midnight cell  
 The spectre which now haunts him? if it be  
 Left to torment him, his rack'd mind will see  
 Visions of bones, and blood, and death, and woe,  
 And skulls of Protestants hung up for show!  
 The inquisition sated with their blood,  
 Upon the very spot where lately stood  
 The capitol—Up "Brutus"—quench the fire,  
 Or Metternich will *fiddle* round the pyre.



What though the gentleman of the little Church do urge so frequently and so energetically the impressions which "he cannot rid himself of," against the character, office, and government of the Pope—this proves nothing, Ada; except that *he* entertains such impressions! It is, however, to be hoped, that the candid portion of his auditors will first enquire into the subject for themselves, and then decide—

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,"

should be the jealous motto of every free American; but I very much fear, that those persons who are in the habit of pitying *our* subserviency to the will of Priests, and the imaginary infallibility of Popes, are not altogether emancipated from the influence of injustice, or uncontrolled by the domination of *their* ministers.

To me nothing is more instructive, and, at the same time, more surprising, than to find the greatest Protestant writers—men of undoubted talents, learning, and experience—diametrically opposed to the gentleman in question—and to the vain declaimers of our age. "The Pope is an usurper, an enemy to the advancement of the gospel, an imposter,"—exclaims a certain Divine, lifting his eyes in devout solemnity to heaven as though he meant to force down its lightnings upon the vatican.

"The Pope," writes Sir Edward Sydney, an early and zealous Protestant, "was the common Father, adviser, and conductor of Christians, to reconcile their enmities, and decide their differences."—*Survey of Europe*, page 202.

"The Pope," vociferates some *watchman* or some *essayist*, "is the enemy of religion, and the perverter of 'true faith,' and hundreds of young and old, devoutly assenting, reply amen!—and the proposition is demonstrated!

"No one," writes a celebrated Protestant, Causabon, "who is the least versed in ecclesiastical history, can doubt, that God made use of the holy see, during so many ages, to preserve the doctrines of faith."

"The Pope," gravely states some Professor in a theological seminary, "is ignorant, depraved, vain, and profligate:" and there is heard a chorus of sepulchral voices bursting forth in exclamation! God save us from the Pope!—"The Pope," writes Addison, in his *Remarks on Italy*, page 112, "is generally a man of learning and virtue; mature in years, and experience, who has seldom any vanity or pleasure to gratify at his peoples' expense."

Now, Ada, what reflecting mind would not prefer, infinitely prefer, the philosophic statements made, after strict examination, concerning the Pope by these, and such like, eminent men, to the hollow misrepresentations, and declamatory assertions of those, who lead the van, in the warfare against Pope and Popery!—Ask, Laurentia, whom you have so often heard extolling the classic eloquence, and "curious felicity" of Addison, whether his testimony will not have some weight in the scale of wisdom?"

ADIEU.

## Thy Country Mourns Thee.

WRITTEN FOR THE 14TH OF MAY:—IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

1.

Thy country mourns thee, brave and honoured shade,  
Her sons and daughters decked in mournful wreaths,  
Their last sad homage to thy worth have paid,  
And Peace her requiem o'er thy ashes breathes.

2.

Thy early deeds emblazoned on the page  
Of grateful History shine with peerless light,  
From that immortal epoch, when the sage  
Of Vernon called thee to the early fight.

3.

A beardless boy—thy hand, with giant grasp,  
Wielded the sword upon the field of blood:  
While round thee myriads were seen to gasp,  
Heaven snatched thee from them for thy country's good.

4.

Thy sword flashed brightly on the banks of Thames;  
The foeman dazzled fled before its blaze;  
And though our annals boast of other names,  
Thine glows conspicuous with thy country's praise.

5.

Calmly among the solitary shades  
Of broad Ohio, when the war was done,  
Thou didst retire with fame that never fades,  
And glory—like that of the setting sun!

6.

But from that quiet spot, thy country's call  
Bade Cincinnatus quit the humble plough:  
Thou didst obey—and the proud Capitol  
Rejoiced to hear thee speak the solemn vow.

7.

But oh! unsearchable decree of heaven—  
One glorious month had hardly wreathed its round,  
Before the fatal blow of death was given,  
And all hope's trophies crumbled to the ground!

8.

Blest be its ways—for who would dare repine  
Against the holy wisdom of the skies?  
Oh! may we trust, a fairer wreath is thine,  
And purer visions break upon thine eyes!

9.

May He who rules with *sweetness* and with *force*,  
Receive thy spirit, whilst thy flesh is dust:  
To him alone the dying find recourse—  
In him alone the penitent must trust.

10.

And we, who bending near the hero's tomb,  
Say o'er his ashes our last, mournful words,  
May we be ever mindful of *our* doom;  
The Lord shall call us hence—we are the Lord's.



## LEIBNITZ AND THE POPE'S SUPREMACY.

THE illustrious Leibnitz was one of the greatest geniuses ; and the mere mention of his name is sufficient to give an idea of a powerful mind, deeply-penetrating reason, and solid science. Leibnitz as a philosopher, lawyer, historian, and statesman, will remain an everlasting ornament of Germany. When such a hero vindicates our cause—the Primacy of the Pope—we may give ourselves no uneasiness about the furious opposition of men, who appear as dwarfs before this colossean Divine. And Leibnitz has, indeed, very openly defended our cause. In his letters, (Leipz. 1733, V. i. p. 55,) he says : “ Because God is a God of order, and it is of divine right (*juris divini*), that the body of our Catholic and Apostolic Church must be governed by one regimen and hierarchy, it follows, that her highest magistrate, keeping himself in his due limits, is, by the same divine right, appointed with discretional and active power, which is necessary in discharging his office for the safety of the Church.” We read farther in the “ *Esprit de Leibnitz*” as follows : “ It must be granted, that the vigilance of the Popes for the observation of the canons and the maintenance of ecclesiastic discipline has produced, from time to time, the best effects : the voice of remonstrance was efficacious on kings, in seasonable and unseasonable time : and the authority of their charge caused those kings to act justly ; as the Popes prevented also many disorders by the fear of ecclesiastic censures. Nothing was then more common than to see kings, according to their treaties, submitting themselves to the censure or the correction of the Pope.” Compare this with his preface *ad codicem juris gentium*. Both places show the universal impression which history and unprejudiced reason made on that great genius. Little minds accustomed to look and read only through the medium of sectarianism, are not capable of such universal impressions. They see in the Primacy of the Pope nothing but an usurpation of universal monarchy and despotism. Not so Leibnitz, in his work *de jure suprematus ac legationis principum Germaniæ*, he says : “ We must consider, that according to the belief of our forefathers the whole universal Church, as one republic, is subject to the Pontiff as the spiritual vicar of God ; and to the emperor, as God's temporal vicar. The temporal right of the emperor is extended as far as the spiritual right of the Roman Bishop : that is, through the whole Church ; in which the ancients do not deny to the Roman Bishop a primacy not alone of order, but also, in a certain manner, of jurisdiction . . . It is sufficient to know that he has exercised the highest jurisdiction through many centuries with universal consent and great applause in the West, which is also the opinion of many excellent men even among Protestants.” (Melancthon Cali, etc. cap. 21.)

In the *specimen pro eligendo rege Polonorum*, in which Leibnitz tells the Poles that it was their duty to elect a Catholic prince for their king, he says : “ He is a Catholic, who in the Catholic unity and communion with the Apostolic See is a member of the Christian Church.” And in a confidential letter to the Landgrave of Hessen—Rheinfield (who had become a Catholic convert and a zealous advocate of the Church, and who admonished Leibnitz to follow his ex-

ample) Leibnitz says : " I think if we, by submitting to the papal primacy, could remove the evils which press upon the Church, we would sin by not doing so. The objections, which are made against Rome are, for the most part, more directed against the customs of the people than against dogmas : but these customs being publicly disapproved (in the council of Trent) the objections must cease." Yes, they indeed ought to cease, but the interest of sectarianism does not allow this. To repeat again and again these so often refuted objections against our Church, seem to be a good method to keep the eyes of the people in darkness ; an excellent method to prevent conversion from sectarianism. They must, therefore, with terrifying colours, illude the imagination, and preach, and publish, and reiterate the abuses and superstition of the Catholics. " The visible Church," he continues in that letter to the Landgrave, " is infallible in all articles of faith, which are necessary for salvation, according to the special promise of the Holy Spirit, which was given to her. The hierarchy, which was found in the Catholic Church, is a matter of divine right, for a government of bishops and priests is necessary."

And in a letter to Bossuet he writes : " The great point which we, on our part concede, is this : that we will submit ourselves to the General Councils, and the hierarchical unity." To Pelisson he wrote : " The Church must have a power, an executive power, and we are bound to obey our superiors and the Church rather than any man. This is much—and yet I say it." In his correspondence with Bossuet, Huet and others, we read many similar expressions concerning the authority of the Church, Pope and Councils.

In his famous work (which was published after his death) *System. Theologicum*, we read the following words : " To the hierarchy of the Church pertains not alone the priesthood, but also the Episcopacy and the primacy of the Pontiff, which we must believe to be of divine right : *quæ omnia divini juris esse credendum est*. For the Priests are ordained by the Bishop, and the Bishop (and principally this one, to whom is committed the care of the universal Church) has the power to govern and limit the office of the priest. Moreover the Bishop, who is called œcumenical, and represents the whole Church, has the power of excommunicating. But that we might understand better the virtue of the hierarchy, (*vis hierarchiæ*,) we must know, that every state or republic, and likewise the Church as an ecclesiastical republic, must be considered as one moral person . . . . Whilst then God has constituted his Church on earth as a holy city set on a mountain, his immaculate spouse and interpreter of his will, and has commanded unity by charity to be kept through the whole world, and as all, who will not hear the Church must be esteemed as a heathen and publican, (Matt. 18) : it follows, therefore, that God must have constituted an order to ascertain the will of the Church as expounding the will of God. And the prerogative of the assistance of the Holy Spirit in the Church did not cease with the death of the apostles, but must endure till the consummation of the world, and was propagated in the whole body of the Church through the Bishops, the successors of the apostles. But because a council cannot always, nor often be held, it was therefore even according to divine right (*ipso jure divino*) and the remarkable words of Christ to Peter, insinuated and believed in the



Church, that one (St. Peter) of the apostles, and as his successor one of the Bishops, was to be invested with greater power: that by him, as by the visible head and centre of unity, it might be possible, to connect together the body of the Church, to provide for the common necessities, to call together, if necessary, a council, to direct it, and to take care that the Republic of the faithful might not suffer any detriment. And the ancients constantly relate that Peter the apostle governed the Church, designated a successor, and suffered martyrdom in Rome, the capital city of the world; wherefore we acknowledge duly the Roman Bishop as the prince (*principem*) of the Bishops. And reasoning with ourselves we deem it our duty, to obey the Pontiff, as the visible vicar of God on earth. This, however, must be understood, save the rights of the temporal potentates. For although Christian princes must submit to the Church, like the lowest of the faithful, yet this ecclesiastical power is not to extend so far as to arm the subjects against their sovereigns. I do not also deny, that it is the duty of sovereigns to extend their care over holy things, but so as not to touch the ark or to seize the censor like Osias, but to aid and assist the Church." (*Syst. Theol. Leibnitzii, Mogunt. 1820 p. 290.*)

If it was not beyond dispute, that this very remarkable work is truly written by Leibnitz, we might justly doubt, whether it could have emanated from the pen of a Protestant. The learned Protestant Von Murr (in his Journal of the History of Art—*Journal der Kunstgeschichte, tom. xvii p. 129,*) who has examined the manuscript, says: "Leibnitz defends here (in the *Theological System*,) the Catholic System even in these points concerning which there still exists the warmest dispute between Protestants and Catholics: that, if the handwriting of Leibnitz was not sufficiently traced through many thousand pages, one could hardly believe him to be the author of it."

There was indeed a paltry effort, made by a Protestant in a periodical Journal a few years since, to substantiate the doubt, whether that work was indeed written by Leibnitz, the famous Protestant, or not. Would it not have been more feasible, to bring upon that great man the suspicion of Cryptocatholicism, or rather to decry him as a cabalistic lawyer, corrupted by the Jesuits? Although we know not what intention he had in writing that work, which places on such solid, deep, and convincing grounds the *Catholic System*, still we know sufficiently, from his correspondence with Bossuet, Huet, Pelisson, and the Protestants, Molanus, Fabricius, &c., that he endeavored to bring about a union between Catholics and Protestants.

M. O.

## DOGMA OF PROVIDENCE—THE BOND OF SOCIETY.

(BY A CONTRIBUTOR.)

It was by ridiculing the dogma of Providence, that Voltaire succeeded in spreading abroad through social life those principles of infidelity and disorganization, which, there is no doubt, were the remote cause of all the horrors which sprang up with the French revolution. The reader, perhaps, remembers his famous, or rather infamous, lines:

Direz-vous en voyant cet amas des victimes  
 Dieu s'est vengé ; leur mort est le prix de leur crimes ?  
 Quel crime, quelle faute ont commis ces enfans  
 Sur le sein maternel ecrasés et sanglans ?

Will you, beholding such a heap of victims,  
 Assert God is avenged, their crimes have caused it ?  
 What crime, what fault, have those poor infants done  
 That hang, all blood-stained on their mother's breast ?

But even this most blasphemous writer, in his better moods, when reason and reflection exercised their free and natural functions, could not but avow his belief in the supreme action of Providence. Hence those lines :

Non, ne presentez plus a mon cœur agité  
 Ces immuables lois de la nécessité.  
 Cette chaîne des corps, des esprits et des mondes,  
 O rêves des savans, O chimères profondes !  
 Dieu tien en main la chaîne, et n'est pas enchaîné ;  
 Par son choix bienfaisant tout est déterminé ;  
 Il est libe, il est juste, il n'est point implacable.

Bring not before my agitated heart  
 Those changeless laws of dire necessity.  
 That chain of bodies, spirits and of worlds ;  
 Dreams of the learned, and chimeras deep !  
 God holds the chain, and his hand is not chained ;  
 His gracious choice determines all events ;  
 And he is free, and just, and not implacable.

The systems of those philosophers who wished to destroy the influence of Religion, in social life, prove of themselves, the necessity of it. When Hobbes sought to introduce a substitute for the gospel, what did he devise ? To what a condition did he reduce the noble nature of man ? To a disposition of misanthrophy, tending to perpetual strife, claiming an equal right over the possession of others, and checked only by the terror of legal punishment. By Spinoza, he is made the victim of fatality, having, by an eternal destiny, a right corresponding with his strength, and driven headlong by an infinite impetus to the destruction of his own race. Macchiavel invests man with brutal ferocity, endowing him with a cruel policy which consecrates barbarity, and sacrifices innocence to self-interest. What shall I say of the sensual and shameless theory of Epicurus ? I need but point to it, to show the unbounded excesses into which man must be plunged, when religion is set aside, and the influence of its dogmas and virtues is extinguished in society.

Now, what confidence, I ask, can be reposed in men entertaining such notions ? What security could there be for social life based upon such maxims ? What foundation for the pillars of the public weal ? None whatever. Those pillars would be shaken, and laid prostrate on the ruins of Society. Submission to law would be mocked at : and the members, severed from their social head by the force of disorder and confusion, would wither away amid the lawlessness and licentiousness that would surround them. There would



be no safety for the orphan, the client, the guest, the stranger. The poor little destitute would shriek, in vain, as the hand of rapine seizes on his all. The claims of the injured would not reach the heart of a bribed and rapacious tribunal. The sacred laws and rights of hospitality would be trampled to the ground, and he who should find himself alone in a strange and distant clime, would be left to suffer unregarded, and die unpitied. In a word, man degenerates into a savage, if not softened and hallowed by the sweet influence of religion. And society, wasted by the excesses which are the effects of *such* philosophy, is changed from a paradise of love and peace, into a waste of disorder and hate—a frightful solitude!

The wisest men among the Pagans were profoundly convinced of this truth—and not only acknowledged the Deity, themselves, but distinctly inform us that this was the conviction of the entire human race. No matter what absurd ideas some nations entertained of that infinite Being, all concurred in the recognition of his existence: “*multi*,” writes Cicero, “*de diis prava sentiunt omnes tamen esse vim et naturam divinam censeant*.” Many have erroneous notions about the gods. All, however, are unanimous in admitting a divine power and nature. Racine dwells with great beauty on this fact, when he exclaims:

At his dread name what nation doth not fear?  
Did man forge fetters for himself to wear?  
Lo! I behold, where e’er I chance to turn,  
Victims to God on every altar burn.  
Behold, blind atheist! Egypt bends her knees,  
And Rome falls down before *her* Deities.

All nations, Cicero again emphatically repeats, consent in this, that there exists a supreme Being. *Omnes totius orbis in hoc consentiunt quod existat supremum Ens.*

And it must be remembered, that while they believed in his supreme dominion over this visible world, they did not fail to extend it, likewise, to the invisible. They beheld his providence not only regulating the seasons, bidding the leaves to put forth, and the leaves to decay—the ocean to toss up its raging billows, and subside into the calm of a lake—the sun to rise, and go down—the showers to fall, and to cease—but they dreaded the future terror of his omnipotence, and hoped for ineffable rewards in a future life. Hence the well known description of Orcus which Virgil gives in his immortal *Æneid*; and which is familiar to every classical reader.

In devising a substitute of religion, those who claimed for themselves the epithet of sage, have tortured their imaginations in the laborious, but useless, effort. Rousseau, Montaigne, Bayle, dissert on the love of repose inherent in the human heart—then on the dread of the sword and public ignominy—one while, on natural equity founded on the entity of things—and a thousand similar undefined and unintelligible theories, which contain no meaning, and no social effect. Rousseau, himself, when his fine but prostituted mind was left to its own dispositions, was intimately impressed with the solemnities, and necessity of religious worship. Who ever has read the *Essai sur L’Indifference*, a work which, of itself, is worthy to bestow immortality on any individual, but over the

author of which Religion does not cease to shed her bitterest tears, will recollect a beautiful circumstance, which corroborates my position. "John Jaques," writes De Laménais, "and the author of the studies of nature, finding themselves, after a long ramble in the country, at Mount Valerien, entered into the Chapel of the hermits. They were, at that moment, reciting the litany of Providence. John Jaques and his companion, touched with the calm of that place, and seized with religious emotion, prostrated themselves, and mingled their prayers with those of the assistants. The office being terminated, Rousseau arose, and overcome with feeling, exclaimed: "now, I experience what is said in the gospel: where two or three are assembled in my name, there am I in the midst of them. There is here a sentiment of peace and happiness which penetrates the soul!" In this Rousseau was a good philosopher.

But, let the anti-religious philosopher theorize as he may, when there is question of the present results in social life, he must agree, that neither natural repose, nor innate equity, nor any other quality, independent of the efficacious and salutary restraints of religion, could keep society together. For, they could not sustain the confidence on which, as on its natural foundation, it must rest. Who would be willing to entrust their lives with men having no restraint upon their passions, but the fear of the sword? And what safety could there be for individual property which was left subject to the encroachments of rapacity unchecked by any conscientious sentiment?

Of the difficulties experienced in the fulfilment of our social duties, there is no one who can be ignorant. Against them, the passions league and rebel: from them, humour recoils: against them, nature strives: from them self-love shrinks:—and yet, the theory of infidelity is based upon the licentiousness of passion—the indulgence of humour—the submission to nature—and the guidance of self-love. The christian, with all his dread responsibilities before him, acting under the continual influence of the presence of an all-wise Deity—and conscious of the guilt incurred by the violation of social duty, still, very frequently swerves from the observance of it; and, too often even, plunges into crimes, which, neither the motives held out by these philosophers, nor the tremendous convictions of a future accountability, are capable of preventing. What bounds would be placed to the ocean of excesses and abominations, which would sweep over society and inundate all order and duty, where the landmark has been traced by the impotent and unsteady finger of human philosophy!

Speak not of exterior decorum—tell me not of the refinements and sociabilities of civilized life—these would be set at naught, would be outraged, certainly *in private*, if indeed, they would have any effect *in public*. Reason may exert all her might to keep the passions under restraint:—that might would be found insufficient, it would be burst through by an irresistible impetuosity: worldly policy, and external honour—those barriers to vice in which our modern theorists lay so great a stress—would yield under the stronger power, and crime would triumphantly prevail. No human institutions, no code of legislation, no earthly motive, would be capable of supporting the fabric of social order and tranquility, if not stamped with the impress of religion—sanctioned and con-



firmed by divine authority. Man, destitute of her light and consolation—her efficacy, and her hopes—what is he ?

Oh ! what were man, did not her hallowed ray  
Disperse the clouds that thicken on his way !  
A weary pilgrim, left in cheerless gloom,  
To grope his midnight journey to the tomb.  
His life a tempest—death a wreck forlorn—  
In sorrow dying, as in sorrow born.  
But, thy meek beam, Religion, o'er his march  
Diffuses comfort, like Heaven's lovely arch :  
Life's desert smiles, the solitude is gay,  
Peace, Joy, and Virtue hover round his way.

Society, therefore, depends on religion : religion must dwell in society. And, every individual, though secluded from the world, and immured in the enclosure of a solitary cell, must, nevertheless, be of a social character. Religion inspires it. Philanthropy is the daughter of religion. When we read of the deserts of Thebais and Nitria, we must beware lest we associate with their history an idea of misanthropy. No ; the sublimest examples of hospitality and love for the human race, are to be discovered amid the profound gloom and solitude of the desert. There the holy Eremites glowed with the love of their fellow-men. A social feeling ruled in their pure hearts—it animated them with habitual dispositions of charity and good will, which made them ever ready to extend to the stranger the kindest offices of hospitality. The hermits, amid the frozen wilds of the great St. Bernard, as their convent seems almost weighed down by the incessant flakes of snow, while their dogs bring home some wretched traveller—will be the best exemplification of my meaning, and proof of my assertion. They know that religion is the principle of philanthropy, the divine source of charity, sublimated and rendered holy by supernatural motives. The misanthropist, therefore—the gloomy, sullen hater of his fellow-beings, is a stranger to the sweet and benevolent inspirations of religion, whose spirit breathes order into society, and beauty into the very desert.

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### THE SICK MAN AT THE PROBATICA.

THE stagnant waters slept in the Probatica—and round the portico of the temple lay a number of sick and lame waiting for the angel of God to descend and lave them in the mysterious stream. For, not a disease was there,—such was the miraculous efficacy of that pool—which would not be instantly cured when the unfortunate sufferer was placed within its influence. Every day might be seen several, who had lain there for years in expectation, finally relieved—rising up, with infinite joy, and mingling again among the sound and well.

But there was one poor wretch whom the angel seemed not to regard. During thirty-eight years had he lingered there. When first attacked with disease, he was a gay young boy, scarcely having reached his fifteenth year—and already had

he mourned away the better portion of his days, in sorrow and in pain. His black thick curls which once luxuriated on his sunny brow, were now stiffened with neglect, and grey with dereliction. Not a friend had he. Not a relative to come at times, to soothe his misery. He was alone in the universe—and a miserable stranger in the walls of the city, where he first drew the vital breath. One morn, while groaning in the agony of his grief, just as the sun was streaking the top of the temple with his orient beams, the angel came down on wings of glory, which fanned him as they flapped by the spot on which he lay; but which shed a transient solace on his heart, only to leave it afterwards in deeper agony. And while the blessed messenger from the skies was stooping to take in his arms another victim whose time had arrived to be released by the waters which were moved, he cried out to the angel: "Spirit whose dwelling is in the spheres of bliss, thou whose office it is to dispense happiness among the wretched, oh! for thirty-eight years have I watched thee descending on the cloud, and coming down by my side—but in vain did my heart heave with hope that thy hand would be at last extended to me, and that my term of suffering would arrive! No, it is not thus—no, my destiny is still to linger here—and perhaps will I know no relief until another angel appears to speak with me—the dark angel of death! The morning of my youth hath past away; the meridian of my life is waning—and my years are waxing many—but still the waters are not moved for me—and I am left to weep! Angel of God, wilt thou not pity me! Spirit of peace, wilt thou not breathe comfort to a broken heart! Messenger of love! wilt thou not behold my loneliness and grief with sympathy and compassion! He whom thou takest to the waters is but a boy, and scarce three months have seen him in this place of the wretched: my home has been on the side of this pool for years and years. Winter hath frozen it thirty-eight times—thirty-eight springs have smiled upon it—its waters have gleamed under the bright sun of thirty-eight summers—and the leaves have faded from the palm-trees that spread over its border, thirty-eight autumns—yet, behold me here—wretched being—hopeless child of sorrow—behold me here!

The angel passed by—and heard not his prayer—but folding in his arms a boy who was weeping in his pain, he immersed the sufferer in the stream, who immediately came forth in perfect soundness, and went his way. His task was over—and the spirit fled back to the portals of heaven.

Weeks rolled on weeks—months on months—when, on a festal day, as crowds of the children of the Synagogue were pressing down the steps of the Temple, in whose holy tabernacle the sacrifice had been offered, there appeared a meek and comely one, who, seemed to linger, with tears in his eyes, after all others had retired, about the portico. He looked as though upon his mind there pressed a heavy burden—he fixed his gaze upon the holy edifice, and, sighing from the depths of his heart, exclaimed: *not a stone shall remain upon a stone.*

The day was now declining—the dubious twilight covered the massy Temple, and gradually spread over the whole city. He who lingered, at that pen-sive hour, wrapt in thought and shedding tears—who was he? *JESUS*.—And, ere he bent his solitary way to the garden, where he was wont to pass the



night in communion with the skies, he strayed—apparently by accident—but, indeed, with a sublime view, along the sleeping brook. And he drew nigh the miserable man, whom the angel had not solaced—who had wasted his piteous prayer on the minister of mercy, during thirty years.

“What dost thou here?” thus he addressed the sufferer—“hast thou no one to relieve thee?”

He groaned in the bitterness of his woe—and “oh!” he returned, “why dost thou question me; I am here a forsaken being—left to my destiny—and not a hope dawns on my dark future—”

How long, since first disease attacked thee, and left thee lying on the border of the pool?

He wept as he stammered out—“thirty”—and he wept still more.

Jesus was silent—he paused—and his holy eyes were fixed on the unfortunate: then raising them to the firmament on whose cloudless arch the calm star of evening had just begun to glimmer—and clasping his hands—he cried out to his heavenly Father—and again was silent. During his silence his ear heard naught, but the confused groans of the many victims who lay near the slumbering stream—and his tender heart yearned with pity. But most for him who had groaned there thirty years. He approached him still nearer—and pressed his withered hands.

“Have courage,” he said, “have courage, Son—hope hath not fled as yet. Dost thou believe?”

Alas! what hope for me! Do I believe? yea, Abraham, our father hath taught us—and the law hath been given to his children. I believe—but who art thou?”

“Christ the Messiah—promised by the prophets—”

“Thy name is Jesus?—yea, I believe thou art the Christ!”

“Arise, then—thou art healed!”

“And he arose—and was sound—in the instant.”

Jesus disappeared: the healed man went his way rejoicing and giving thanks. The next morning, he hurried to the Temple, to pour forth his grateful prayers to the God of his Fathers—when Jesus stood by. He recognised his holy Benefactor and embraced his knees: “Thou art cured,” thus Jesus spake—“Go now, and sin no more, lest some worse thing happen unto thee.”

M. E. M.

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## WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.—ADDRESS.

THE Twenty-second of February is a day which shall ever be sacred in the memory of our country—for, on that day, was ushered into existence an individual, whose patriotism, wisdom, virtue, and renown, have entitled him to the first place among the greatest men, and spread his reputation throughout the civilized world. We rejoice to behold the enthusiasm with which this memorable day is wont to fill the souls of our young orators. Indeed, there could be no more spirit-stirring theme for them to venture on in their first essays of public eloquence, and all our Catholic colleges should encourage, with peculiar in-

terest, the practice which obtains in that of Baltimore, of selecting some young gentleman among the students, to deliver addresses on this glorious day. That of Harry T. Hays, of Mississippi, is above the common character of such addresses, not only in the manner in which the subject is treated, but particularly in style and eloquence. It is not an easy task to give an air of variety to a topic which has been spun out almost to its last thread—and yet the following extract is perfectly fresh and interesting :

“Have we not then reason to rejoice, gentlemen, that it was our own beloved country which gave birth to a man whose fame has rolled even beyond the limits of civilization ? that it was for our sake that these almost super-human virtues were exercised ? Where is the American whose bosom beats with the transports of patriotism, who will not with rapture avow that he has many causes to rejoice, that his is the proud prerogative of being styled the son of WASHINGTON ? Our gratitude, great as it may be, must necessarily fall far short of his real merit. He gave us the most valuable treasure that a nation can possess. He gave us that for the attainment of which thousands of heroes have poured out their blood ; that which millions have desired, but few have dared to assert, and fewer still have obtained. In a word, he gave us our freedom ; he gave us a republic which has stood whilst thrones have been overturned, sceptres broken and empires prostrated in the dust ; a republic whose star-spangled banner floats triumphant over sea and land, whose dominion extends from the Northern Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico—from the Atlantic to the far Pacific. Yes, gentlemen, this country which less than a century ago, was but an humble colony of England, can now vie with proud people in the ubiquity of their commerce, and the glory, if not the usurpation of their arms. In our ports we are struck with the beauty of the prospect. Our bays are chequered with the vessels of all the civilized nations of the earth ; their sails whiten our waters and their unfurled flags sport with delight in the breeze which is wafted from the shores of a happy and independent people. Through every sea

‘ Our merchant now pursues his gain,  
And roams securely over the boundless main.’ ”

The associates of Washington in the struggle for liberty, deserve to be remembered and commemorated with their chief and leader. Their fame must be co-extensive with his—but always secondary, inasmuch as it is more or less derived from their approximation to him. Their light is borrowed from the Sun of Glory, and as long as this shines on the land, that too must continue to shed its kindred rays. Our orator has not forgotten them :

“Illustrious men !” he exclaims, “though an untimely death prevented you from beholding the picture of happiness, one day to be enjoyed by your more fortunate companions, still you live in our hearts, and your names will be handed down with reverence to an admiring posterity. Yes, you will live in our hearts ; and your actions and virtues will never cease to claim from an American a grateful remembrance. Bunker Hill and Saratoga, Camden and Eutaw, Yorktown and the Cowpens, will always recall by the mention of them, thoughts of the good men and true, who went there to an untimely rest, and of the days in which the very youth, whose strength was scarcely equal to the task of handling the musket, swore by the patriotic blood which flowed from the wounds of those veterans, to avenge the wrongs of Liberty and of themselves. They died, but their last words were the words of freemen—encouraging, ere they sunk into their eternal sleep, their friends who surrounded them,



to go on and battle in their country's cause. Their last breath was spent in humble supplications to the throne of mercy, for a successful issue. Heaven proved propitious, and smiled on the virtuous efforts of WASHINGTON and the brilliant constellation of heroes that remained. Success crowned their glorious undertaking, and tyranny was crumbled. Then it was that the American eagle soared triumphant; then were we called upon to love our country, because she had gained what was worthy of our love."

A vein of pure patriotism (though, perhaps, in one instance too ardent,) pervades the whole body of this excellent address. The strict union among all the States, each, indeed, independent in itself, but all constituting but one and the same national bond of liberty, is alluded to with a becoming spirit. Upon this unity the future existence of our great Republic will necessarily depend. For the instant the tie is severed, new governments would be formed—which would gradually degenerate into military dynasties; civil wars would ensue—and despotism, the most bloody and cruel, would stalk over the ruins of the most glorious Republic that ever flourished in the world.

"Separate the North from the South—the East from the West, and the proud fabric which liberty has erected, must crumble to the dust, and in its stead will rise the gorgon horror of despotism. A government founded upon principles similar to ours, and extending over a tract of territory so immense, must have all its parts closely linked together; it must stand firm and unshaken by the winds of jealousy, or the country which it is designed to bless must fall from the eminent condition in which you now behold her, and give room for the enemies of free principles to rejoice at her overthrow, and scoff at the ignorance of her rulers."

The parallel drawn between Washington and Napoleon—or rather the characteristic contrast between these two immortal men, is graphic and energetic. Lord Brougham, however, has executed this picture in so masterly a manner, that little else is left now to the orator but to follow his footsteps, not indeed slavishly, but like a scholar; mindful of the maxim of the Roman poet:

*"Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem."*

The compliment paid to Louis Philippe is well deserved, by a monarch who has proved himself to be a devoted guardian of the welfare of France, and the Protector of the Religion of Charlemagne. In fine, in giving the eloquent peroration, we will merely add, that the address which forms the subject of this article, is highly creditable to the judgment, talents, heart, and taste, of the young gentleman who delivered it, and worthy the popular Institution from which it emanates. In this, we have no doubt, all our readers will agree.

"The name of WASHINGTON is indeed engraved in indelible characters on the heart of every true American; and it can never be effaced: but still a visible monument should be erected to his honor. Let us hope that ere long the good people of this country will exert themselves for the promotion of this design. For him and his name it can do nothing. Time, when he lays his hand upon the marble which will crumble beneath his touch, will drop his scythe from the vain labor of cutting down the remembrance of the virtues which make the marble holy. To ourselves, however, we owe it as a nation, that the capital which bears the name of Washington, should be consecrated by a testimonial of our gratitude and reverence."

## ELEGIAC LINES.

## I.

DEAR Mother, oft we find our lips calling on thy loved name,  
The first, the fondest word was taught our infant tongues to frame,  
And now 'tis hallowed with so much to link us to the past,  
We feel as though 'twill be the word our lips shall breathe the last.

## II.

One little year, by man's account, the grave has claimed thy form,  
But days are years in those fond hearts that keep thy memory warm;  
So we who owned thy guiding hand and felt thy virtues here,  
Must mourn thee by affection's and not by time's career.

## III.

Oft mingling with the things of life the friendly voice doth rise,  
Rehearsing deeds, whose truthfulness waketh our ready sighs,  
Not of the vanities of earth, which form the worldling's fame,  
But tell they of those deeds of love which gild thy humble name.

## IV.

The voices of the poor are heard to bless thy memory,  
The rich hold thy example as a priceless legacy,  
The pious miss one beacon from the altar borne away;  
But still thy spirit hovers o'er and watches where they pray.

## V.

But oh! fond mother, who can feel thy loss with grief like ours?  
None knew thee, loved thee, shared like us thy kind, thy gifted powers,  
None feel like us the many joys thy earthly presence gave,  
Then who like us can mourn the voice which called thee to the grave!

## VI.

Sad, solemn was that silent hour when gathered round thy bed  
We mingled in thy parting prayers and tears of sorrow shed,  
And buoyantly all hearts would rise when bursting from thy lips  
The language of a spirit came which death could not eclipse.

## VII.

"The heavens bow, oh Lord! and let thy glory on us shine,  
In Thee our strength's renewed, for oh! compassion, Lord, is thine!"  
Imploringly the spirit thus unto its Maker cried,  
But "blessed are the dead who die in Thee" it quick replied.

## VIII.

Then from its tenement of dust, earth's cold and cheerless clay,  
It soared, and angels bore it up to bright and perfect day,  
Up to the bosom of its God, up from the couch of pain—  
Oh! shall we then *our* loss lament when such is *thy* great gain?

## IX.

Forgive, O Lord! forgive the thought that slights thy wise decree,  
And guide us in the path she trod, which leadeth up to Thee,  
And still for ever may the prayer submissively be given,  
*Thy will be done on earth, O Lord, as it is done in Heaven.*





## CONTENTS.

SOIREEES OF ST. PETERSBURGH. . . . .	41
THE FIRESIDE STORY. . . . .	48
WHERE IS FANNY? ( <i>Poetry</i> ). . . . .	50
DID THE ANCIENT JEWS INVOKE THE SAINTS. . . . .	51
MONTH OF MAY—SPIRITUAL FLOWERS. . . . .	52
THE SYNAGOGUE AND THE CHURCH. . . . .	54
SORROW AND SUPPLICATION. ( <i>Poetry</i> ). . . . .	59
ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA.—A SONNET. . . . .	59
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE SCRIPTURES. . . . .	60
LETTERS TO ADA—THE POPE. . . . .	65
THY COUNTRY MOURNS THEE. ( <i>Poetry</i> ). . . . .	68
LEIBNITZ AND THE POPE'S SUPREMACY. . . . .	69
DOGMA OF PROVIDENCE—THE BOND OF SOCIETY. . . . .	71
THE SICK MAN AT THE PROBATE. . . . .	75
WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.—ADDRESS. . . . .	77
ELEGIAC LINES. ( <i>Poetry</i> ). . . . .	80

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"Hanc Fidem, quam nunc habemus, omnes Fideles, qui nos præcesserunt,  
a priscis temporibus habuerunt."

LANFRANC *contr.* BERENG.

"This Faith, which we now hold, was held by all the faithful, who have  
preceded us, from the earliest times."

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